

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 20.

Boston, July, 1887.

No. 2.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE OF THE BAND OF MERCY.



PLEDGE.

"I WILL TRY TO BE KIND TO ALL HARMLESS LIVING CREATURES, AND
TRY TO PROTECT THEM FROM CRUEL USAGE."

The American Band of Mercy was founded in Boston by Geo. T. Angell and Thomas Timmins, July 1882. Among the first members were the Governor of Massachusetts, the Chief Justice and other Judges, the Most Reverend Archbishop, the Mayor of Boston, leading educators, journalists, clergy, &c., &c. From the Parent Band have been already formed in the United States and Canada, 5,703 branches with about 400,000 members, and plans are now in progress which are likely to about double both the number of bands and members within the next year. For further particulars see page 15.

THIS PAPER.

We could fill several columns with kind notices we are receiving from the Press, for all which we wish to return our kindest thanks. The following which we have just read in the *Hampshire County Journal* is a fair sample:

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

"This extremely entertaining and instructive monthly publication is always a welcome guest at our editorial table, and we have often thought if it could be placed in the hands of all our school children we should see a marked difference in their more thoughtful care and treatment of the feathered inhabitants of our beautiful world. We believe the cruel treatment of these delightful and harmless creatures by some boys proceeds more from thoughtlessness than evil disposition, and we rejoice to learn from the editor that he intends to place his excellent journal in the hands of the teachers of 20,000 schools, before next winter. *This is a work of pure love and humanity*, and should be fostered by those who have means to add pecuniarily to a general distribution of this valued publication."

One important object of this paper is to reach and influence those who will not read essays or sermons.

"Boy," said a schoolmaster, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so too," replied the boy.

If any woman wants to beat all her neighbors in the costliness of her decorations, let her wear a *spring chicken* on her bonnet.—*Springfield Union*.

A CATHOLIC legend says that the devil gave a hermit the choice of three great vices, one of which was drunkenness. The hermit chose this as being the least sinful. He became drunk and committed the other two.

QUEEN CHRISTINA of Spain, in a few short years, may be seen at the chamber window, gesticulating violently at a boy in the back yard and shouting: "Here, you, Alphonzo Elonze Amadeo Montpensier Maximilian Carlos Phillippo Alberto Miguel Padrillo Memanez Santillos Quintana Zorillo, come right in out of that wet grass."—*Washington Post*.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

SEE the maiden-mother mild
Bending o'er her first-born child.
With that sad, sweet face!
Is it blessedness, or pain,
Joy her heart can scarce contain,
Or a dark, foreboding dread
Of some harm to that dear head,
That we there may trace?

Could she with the sacred seers
Pierce the secrets of the years,
Would she for that son,
With a mother's yearning, pray
That the cup might pass away,
Or for him accept the scorn,
Cruel scourgings, nail, and thorn,
With—"Thy will be done?"

Hear the cradle-song she sings
To the lowly King of kings!
How the sweet tones thrill:
"Sweetly sleep, O son of mine,
Mystery of Love divine!
Hope of all the ages, thou,
Let no troubles cloud thy brow!
Sleep, nor dream of ill!"

Maiden-mother, sinless Son,
Mortal and immortal One,
Heaven to earth brought nigh:
Thou above all women blest,
Mary, mother, guard His rest!
Jesus, Saviour, who dost take
Here our likeness, may we wake
In Thine own on high!

ANGELS UNAWARES.

In being entertained by strangers we are not always entertained by angels unawares, as the following from the *Chicago News* shows:

While Ralph Waldo Emerson was on his way to California several years ago, he fell in with a gentleman who was so sociable and chatty that an otherwise tedious journey was rendered as cheerful as you please. This gentleman's name was Sackett, and he told Mr. Emerson that he resided in San Francisco.

The natural consequence was that Mr. Emerson accepted Mr. Sackett's invitation to dine with him immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco. The next morning Mr. Emerson was well nigh paralyzed to find in all the local papers this startling personal notice: "Prof. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the eminent philosopher, scholar and poet, is in our city as the guest of Mr. H. J. Sackett, the well-known proprietor of the Brush Street Dime Museum; matinees every half-hour, admission only ten cents. The double-headed calf and the dog-faced boy this week!"

Mr. Sackett is now in the amusement business in Chicago, and he refers to his experience with the sage of Concord as one of the most profitable strokes of enterprise in his long and active career.

FROM A RURAL DISTRICT.

A resident of a rural district was visiting Boston. The noon hour found him on Tremont Row gazing into the shop windows. It was approaching the time for regular noon prayer-meeting in the room used by the Young Men's Christian Association, and, as usual, a member of that excellent body was on the sidewalk inviting passers-by to enter. As the countryman came up and halted by the door, the young man tapped him on the shoulder and said:—"Step right upstairs, my friend; you will find a cordial welcome." "No, you don't," says Mr. Rusticus, "yer can't play any of yer confidence games on me. I've hearn tell too much about you fellars to be caught before bein' in the city two hours."—*Boston Budget*.

HOW JENNY LIND SANG "HOME SWEET HOME."

Perhaps the most thrilling quarter of an hour of John Howard Payne's life was that when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," to him. The occasion was the Jenny Lind concert in Washington, the night of Dec. 17, 1850. The assembly was perhaps the most distinguished ever seen in a concert room in this country. The immense National Hall, hastily constructed for the occasion on the ruins of the burned National Theatre, was filled to overflowing. Among the notables present and occupying front seats were President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, General Scott, and John Howard Payne. Jenny Lind opened with the "Casta Diva," and followed with the "Flute Song" (in which her voice contested rivalry for purity and sweetness with a flute in the duet) then the famous "Bird Song," and next on her programme the "Greeting to America." All the pieces were applauded apparently to the full capacity of an enthusiastic audience, and Mr. Webster, who was in his most genial after-dinner mood, emphasized the plaudit by rising from his seat and making Jenny a profound bow, as if responding from the country to her "Greeting." But when the "Swedish Nightingale" answered the encore by turning in the direction of John Howard Payne and giving "Home, Sweet Home," with all the wonderful tenderness, purity and simplicity fitting both the words and air of the immortal song, the difference was at once seen between the mechanical applause called out by a display of fine vocalization, and that elicited by the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Before the first line of the song was completed the audience was fairly "off its feet," and could scarcely wait for a pause to give expression to its enthusiasm. People ordinarily of the undemonstrative sort clapped, stamped and shouted as if they were mad, and it seemed as if there would be no end to the uproar. Meantime all eyes were turned upon Payne, a small-sized, elegantly moulded, gray-haired gentleman, who blushed violently at finding himself the centre of so many glances.—*Brooklyn Magazine*.

NEVER POINT A PISTOL.

Never point a pistol, even if you think you know it to be empty, at any person. In two years I have counted 204 instances recorded in the newspapers of persons accidentally shot, and seriously or fatally wounded, in this way.—Dr. BUCKLEY, in *Christian Advocate*.

PROTECTING ANIMALS FROM FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

At this season of the year the annoyance caused to animals by flies and mosquitoes often amounts to positive agony, and at all times, in what is called good corn weather, it is sufficient to prevent stock eating enough to keep them in good condition. The animals will stand in the water or pass the greater part of the day in the shade, rather than expose themselves to the sunshine, going out to eat only when driven by hunger. They lose flesh, the flow of milk shrinks, and a loss is incurred that cannot be easily made good again. At all times a good feed of grain is beneficial to stock, but it is especially so when flies are very annoying, since it will do much to prevent shrinkage of flesh and milk. Horses and milk cows may be protected, in a great measure, by wiping them all over with a sponge

dipped in soap suds in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed. Bulls confined in stables often suffer enough from the attacks of flies to drive them half mad, and there is no doubt that the continued fretting caused in this way develops a savage disposition. The most satisfactory results have followed from sponging with soap suds and carbolic acid mixed.—*Chicago Tribune*.

If any reader of the above owns or controls a horse that has been cruelly docked, let him use every effort to protect the animal from flies and mosquitoes.

G. T. A.

Be sure that your horse has every day pure, fresh water, such as you would be willing to drink yourself.

WATERING HORSES.

If a horse is allowed to drink directly after eating, a portion of the food is carried through the stomach undigested, and is liable to do harm. Therefore always water horses *before* feeding and you will find they will do better, drive better, sweat less, etc., and will drink all that nature demands as soon as they become accustomed to this habit.

A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Some time ago, a Cambridge lady, who was as remarkable for her dignified bearing as for her personal beauty and grace, entered a crowded horse-car where there were a number of Harvard undergraduates, all of whom arose to offer her a seat. She accepted one with thanks. Presently the car stopped, when a poor woman with a baby in her arms, entered it. Not a seat was offered her. The lady waited a few moments, and then finding that her young admirers took no notice of the woman, she rose and asked her to take her seat. At once a dozen young men sprang up and again tendered their seats to her, but she persisted in standing, and had full opportunity of noticing the confusion of the young collegians. It was a quiet but an effective rebuke. A statement of the affair soon got over to the college, and no undergraduate could be found to admit that he was in a horse-car that evening.—*Every Other Saturday*.

"You believe St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland?"

Mike—"Yis, sir."

"Now just look at it a moment. Where could he have driven them to?"

Mike—"Bedad, it's meself that bees thinkin' he drove thim into whiskey."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

THE sultan of Morocco has prohibited the sale of intoxicants, and has abolished the state tobacco monopoly. The Moorish tobacco and snuff shops have been closed. Large quantities of leaf tobacco have been publicly burned by the sultan's order. Several Moors were stripped and flogged for smoking in defiance of the sultan's order.—*Frank Leslie's*.

BOBBY was at a neighbor's, and in response to a piece of bread and butter politely said "Thank you." "That's right, Bobby," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'thank you.'" "Yes, ma told me I must say that if you gave me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter."



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy.—how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY Formed by Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

5678. Bernardston, Mass.
Band on the Green.
P., Marie P. Burrows.
5679. East Falmouth, Mass.
Junata Band.
P., E. M. Goss.
S., Elvie M. Jenkins.
5680. Amesbury, Mass.
Washington Band.
P., Mary D. Davis.
5681. Morrillville, Neb.
P., Dora Beckler.
S., Nettie Crockett.
5682. Ridge Prairie, Mo.
P., Melirria Crockett.
5683. Ridge Prairie, Mo.
P., Mary T. Williams.
5684. Northboro, Mass.
P., S. E. F. Greene.
5685. Bryant, Iowa.
P., Ann E. McGraw.
5686. South Framingham, Mass.
P., Mrs. W. W. Hayward.
S., Elizabeth Merriam.
5687. Exeter, N. H.
Band of Joy.
P., Jennie R. Harvey.
5688. Longwood, Mo.
P., Louise E. Greer.
5689. Dalton, Mass.
P., Miss Leila Bull.
5690. Appenyell, Mich.
P., Ella A. Leightner.
5691. Los Angeles, Cal.
Evening Star Band.
P., Mary I. Hutchinson.
5692. Norristown, Pa.
P., Ida I. Yerkes.
5693. Mobile, Ala.
Mary Stuart Band.
P., Mary Bruce.
S., Rosa Schumaker.
5694. Mobile, Ala.
Foust Band.
P., R. E. Jones.
V. P., Annie L. Penny.
S., W. Foust Jones.
T., James R. Martin.
5695. Medford, Mass.
Dr. Swan Band.
P., Mary L. Poland.
S., Sarah L. Callender.
5696. Kensington, N. H.
Oriental Light Band.
P., Mrs. Rosa Akerman.
5697. Los Angeles, Cal.
Morning Star Band.
P., M. Louise Hutchinson.
5698. Mobile, Ala.
Eager Band.
P., Major E. R. Quattlebaum.
S., Mittie Lee Brown.
5699. Spencer, Mass.
Hillsville Band.
P., Clara H. Bemis.
5700. Apponaug, R. I.
Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Hattie A. Carpenter.
5701. Calistoga, Cal.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Milton A. Chamberlain.
S., Henry Irons.
5702. Samaritan Band.
P., J. R. Garnett.
S., C. Richardson.
5703. Helpers Band.
P., J. H. Anthony.
S., Mrs. S. Nellis.

5704. Waquoit, Mass.
P., Adelaide R. Cottle.
5705. Waquoit, Mass.
P., Virginia Peabody.
5706. Lynn, Mass.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Maria F. Kimball.
5707. Saxonville Mass.
P., M. A. Stevens.

'I WOULDNA GIE A COPPER PLACK.'

I wouldna gie a copper plack
For any man that turns his back
On duty clear;
I wouldna tak his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in any boat
Which he might steer.

* * * * *
I wouldna gie an auld bawbee
For any man that I could see
Wha didna hold
The sweetness o' his mither's name,
The kindness o' his brother's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
For fair than gold.

—MARY A. BARR.

WHO KILLED THE BIRD?

WHO killed the Chippie?
See where it lies,
The light gone out
Of its bright quick eyes;
This tiny creature, so soft and brown,
Here on the dead leaves fallen down.

But an hour ago
It felt the sun,
Yet now is its happy
Living done—
Born in a nest and made to be,
Not soarer, nor singer, yet blithe and free.

No human eye,
Perchance, may miss
From numberless flocks
A mite like this;
Yet with it something has gone which had
In its way made bough and sunshine glad.

Who killed the Chippie?
I think I know;
This way from school
The children go.
And I saw a boy a pebble sling,
And now I find this poor dead thing.

He liked perhaps
To prove his skill,
Nor thought how dreadful
It is to kill;
And though he aimed at it after all,
Was sad at heart when he saw it fall.

I am almost sure
If he heard me say,
"Who was it killed
A bird to-day?"
He would wish the cruel deed undone,
And blush to own himself the one.

—Wide Awake.

WHEN a man is too busy to laugh he needs a vacation.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1887.

WORK FOR THE DUMB ANIMALS.

The Directors' June meeting was held on the 15th.

President Angell reported new societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Maine and Tennessee. He was in correspondence with officers of the "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union," with the view of making all "Loyal Legions" and "Bands of Hope" also "Bands of Mercy," and was sanguine of success.

From the Society's Missionary Fund he sends 110,000 copies of humane publications to the great "National Educational Association" meeting in Chicago.

It was voted to bind 200 volumes of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" to be presented to leading newspapers, hotels, libraries, reading rooms, &c.

The Society's office agents had investigated 191 complaints of cruelty during the month, and humanely killed 86 horses and other animals.

The branches of the Mass. Society's Parent Band of Mercy now number 5703 in the United States and Canada.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

We think that very few of our best friends quite comprehend the magnitude of the work into which our "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" has grown within the past few years. Take last year's annual report of the prosecuting department—*four thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven complaints of cruelty dealt with*. Think of the time required for their investigation; the thousands of letters to and from our nearly five hundred agents in almost every town of the State, and to and from complainants and parties complained of; the thousands of personal interviews and talks; the careful consideration which many of these cases require; the time occupied in arrests, preparation for trials, and in the Courts.

Then take our Educational department, which we believe far surpasses that of any other Society of its kind in the world, sending out sometimes in a single month thousands of packages containing more than a hundred thousand copies of our humane publications—think of this paper sent once a month over this country and around the world, including *sixteen hundred copies with marked articles and personally stamped envelopes to the editors of sixteen hundred leading religious, educational and other papers and magazines*—think of the time required in looking over our long lists of

exchange papers, and the annual and monthly reports of sister societies from all parts of the world—think of the time required to examine carefully at least *fifty* articles for *every one* we print, and to boil down many of those selected—think of our thousands of "*Bands of Mercy*" all over the country, which draw all their information and supplies from our offices, and the *vast correspondence* this involves—think of the plans that must be devised and carried out to win the press and public approval, and make our organization popular, and obtain money to keep all these wheels moving. Think of all these, and you will not wonder that we do not read *personally* more than one letter in four that comes to us, can find but little time to talk to any one, are compelled to decline many kind invitations, and to work not only week days, but often Sundays.

We were permitted by unanimous vote of the Boston School Committee to address the *sixty-one* large public schools of this city *one hour each*. That involved the labor of preparation, and about *three hours a day for sixty-one days* in the schools—some of the happiest hours, we are glad to say, of our whole life.

We obtained a decision *making it the duty of every Public School Teacher* in the State to teach kindness to the lower animals. That required addresses to, and petitions to the Legislature from the Boston Clergy of the various denominations, and from other bodies, hearings at the State House, articles for the press, letters and lobbyings without number. We succeeded in getting a meeting of *three thousand* Boston drivers of vehicles, in the Boston Theatre, and addressed it. We succeeded in getting *six hundred and forty-three* of our Boston police to become members of our Society—we succeeded in getting our drinking fountains for horses kept open all winter; and a law before Congress to prevent cruelty in the Territories. We succeeded in getting a unanimous vote of our School Committee to distribute about sixty thousand copies of our humane leaflets in the Boston public schools. We are now working on plans by which we expect to increase the number of branches of our "*Parent American Band of Mercy*," scattered all over this country, from *upwards of five thousand six hundred, which they now are, to over ten thousand*, and their membership from *over 400,000 to over 800,000*. *All these things are easily written, but their successful accomplishment involves an amount of thought and work, of which we suspect that few of our best friends even have any adequate conception.*

Our work is voluntary. We enjoy it. We ask no compensation but the pleasure of doing it, and if Divine Providence continues our life and gives us a *Missionary Fund*

large enough, we mean and hope to indefinitely extend it far beyond its present limits. We can, *with a sufficient Missionary Fund, carry our humane education into nearly every school in America, and we want to do it, not only for the protection of dumb animals, but for the peace and happiness of coming generations and the protection of property and life.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MASS MEETING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

On June 3d we had the very great pleasure of addressing in the morning "*The Providence High School*," about six hundred and fifty pupils. In all the High Schools we have addressed, in our own city, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Florida, New Orleans, and out West as far as North Dakota, we have no recollection of ever meeting a finer looking, or more attentive audience. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of addressing the higher classes of all the Grammar Schools of the city, in "*Low's Opera House*," and as some good friends have doubted the practicability of bringing different public schools together in this way to listen to an address of this kind, we give the following from a longer report in the "*Providence Journal*" of June 4th:—

The pupils of the public schools packed Low's Opera House yesterday afternoon to listen to a talk by George T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on "*Kindliness to the Lower Animals*." The stage, which was decorated with flowering plants for the occasion, was occupied by President Hon. Rowland Hazard, and Secretary C. W. Smith, of the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Superintendent of Public Schools H. S. Tarbell, school committee men and a number of others interested in the subject and educational matters. President Hazard presided, and after singing by the children and solos by Miss Baker, the presiding officer introduced the speaker of the afternoon, who was received with great applause. Mr. Angell began at once to interest the great audience of little folks by anecdotes appropriate to the subject. His early interest in dumb animals and the great amount of cruelty practiced upon them, later in life induced him to devote time and money in correcting the abuses. He spoke of the gratefulness of animals for kindness bestowed, and impressed the lesson upon the minds of his juvenile listeners interestingly by instances of faithfulness and gratitude on the part of animals. He also gave instructive reasons why they should be treated kindly. Many of his illustrations aroused the enthusiasm of his listeners to a demonstrative pitch. * * *

W. C. T. U.

We have accepted an invitation from the *Woman's Christian Temperance Union* to speak to the Middlesex county children at Lake Walden, July 1st, on "*Kindness to Animals*."

MOST IMPORTANT.

MASSACHUSETTS WOMANS' CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

We are glad to receive a letter from Miss Elizabeth S. Tobey, President of the above-named powerful organization, containing this:—

"I very heartily approve your plan of combining the 'Bands of Mercy' in the work of our 'Loyal Temperance Legions,' and have already talked with our Superintendent of Department of juvenile work on the subject."

We are glad to say also that Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has written us a most welcome letter, approving the plan. Frances E. Willard, President of the *National W. C. T. U.*, and to be next year President of the *World's W. C. T. U.*, has already, as our readers know, approved it.

There is hardly a mightier power in the world to-day, than this great and splendidly organized and officered American army of nearly three hundred thousand Christian women, the *W. C. T. U.*, and if we can be humbly instrumental in attaching to each of its countless "*Loyal Legions*," a "*Band of Mercy*," to educate the children of this country, in addition to temperance, in peace, mercy, and kindness to all, both human and dumb, we shall have reason to thank the Almighty every day of our life. With the help of the three influential women above-named, it may be done.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"PAPER MISSIONARIES."

In asking contributions for our "*Missionary Fund*" we often speak of our humane leaflets, and other humane publications, as *paper missionaries*.

A clergyman called upon us to-day and said: "Mr. Angell, I sent a copy of '*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*' to a young lady in Indiana. She writes thanking me—telling how much she was interested in reading it, and adds that when she received it she was about buying a bird for her bonnet, but that *nothing would now induce her to wear a bird on her bonnet.*"

WE are thankful for \$100 received from "*a friend*," June 7th, for "*our Missionary Fund*." We will try to do lots of good with that \$100.

IN MEMORY OF OUR CAT "DODGE."

A young lady called at our offices the other day and left a small box, on opening which, after she had gone, we found the above and *ten dollars in ten-cent pieces*. We regret that she did not leave her address, and how the ten dollars happened to be in 100 ten cent pieces. We think this ought to go into our *Missionary Fund*, but, as the young lady left no word, cannot put it there.

ANNUAL MEETING OF NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION AT CHICAGO.

The following letter explains itself:—

BOSTON, July 2nd, 1887.

HON. WILLIAM E. SHELDON, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

My Dear Mr. Sheldon:

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as you know, has two objects.

1st. The protection of dumb animals in our own State, and the humane education of the children in all our public schools and elsewhere, for the prevention of every form of cruelty, *both to human beings and dumb beasts.*

2nd. The propagation of similar work all over this country, and so far as possible throughout the world.

For this last object there has been contributed and placed at my disposal a special fund, which enabled me last year to send many thousands of our humane publications to be distributed at your great national convention, at Topeka, Kansas. Thanks to your interest and that of other good friends, they were most kindly received and have materially increased the branches of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*" over this country, which now number *nearly five thousand seven hundred Bands, with about four hundred thousand members*. I have now the great pleasure, in behalf of our Society, of presenting to your convention of this year, at Chicago—which I understand is likely to be the largest convention of teachers ever held in the world—one hundred and ten thousand copies of our humane publications. And with the earnest hope that they may go far to promote in this country not only the protection of dumb animals, but also peace on earth and good will to men, I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy.

ILLINOIS.

We are glad to see that friend Landon's lady canvassers for his paper are doing good work in the South. Every subscription they get and every word they say to induce subscribers is so much gain.

The price of "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*" has been purposely made so low that it will not pay canvassers, and so we adopt other means to push its circulation, getting our pecuniary returns not from subscriptions, but from gifts, legacies, &c., to our Society. There is an unbounded field for each. We advise all our friends to take and circulate both.

JOHN BLIZZARD of Tennessee, is an applicant for a post office. It will be a cold day for the President when he refuses to recognize the claims of Mr. Blizzard.

MRS. HENRY BERGH.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Henry Bergh, whose sympathy, courage and judgment, we understand, have greatly aided her husband in his noble work. May he have in this affliction all the consolation he so richly deserves.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

We are glad to learn from Mr. Louis L. Parham, of Chattanooga, of the formation, under most happy auspices, of a Society P. C. A. there, and that he has formed the first Band of Mercy in that city, *with more to follow.*

GOLDEN DAYS.

We are indebted to "*Golden Days*," Philadelphia, for the beautiful cut and story "*Jack-a-Dandy*."

DUDLEY SCHOOL, ROXBURY.

We are indebted to the kind invitation of Mr. Leverett M. Chase, Master of the Dudley School, to take part in the entertainment given by his 800 to 1000 boys, May 27th, in the interest of dumb animals. Our friend Hon. J. C. Dore of Chicago accompanied us and made a short but interesting address. Several hundreds of the boys joined in singing the various Band of Mercy Songs, including "*Ring the Bells of Mercy*," and the following, written for the occasion.

The entertainment was a capital success.

DUDLEY BOYS.

Dudley boys are always
Noted for their kindness,
Love for harmless creatures,
Be they great or small;
If you ask our motto,
We will gladly give it:
Kindness to the weak,
One and all.

Chorus.

Dudley! Dudley! Kindness! Kindness!
Let this be our motto once and for all.
Dudley! Dudley! Kindness! Kindness!
Kindness to the weak and the small.

In this mighty conflict,
We are pledged to battle
Cruelty to creatures,
Human and dumb;
Every boy's a soldier,
Kindness is our weapon,
To love and truth the foe
Must succumb.

Every deed of mercy
Pays with satisfaction;
Gratitude and friendship
Add to our joys.
And befriended creatures,
As they recognize us,
Seem to say: "We know you,
Dudley Boys."

FOURTEEN HUNDRED HORSES

Were burned to death in a New York City Horse R. R. Stable, May 20th. If the stable had been properly built, with brick or iron partitions, nearly all could have been saved. Why not fire escapes for horses as well as humans? When we carry a proper humane education into all our schools, *there will be.*

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS.
MONUMENTS AND STATUES OF WOMEN.

In "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," and from that into our Humane Leaflets, which in future years we hope may be read in all our public schools, we have put a short but interesting account of "*Margaret of New Orleans*." We have recently found in the "*Maryland Bulletin*" a more extended account of this noble woman, which we give in another column because we know it will be read with pleasure and we trust may inspire others to follow her example.

Why is it that in this year of Our Lord, 1887, there should be, all over the world, so many statues of politicians and generals, many of whom have cursed their nation and race, and outside of Roman Catholic Churches, so few of men and women who, following the example of the Master, have given their lives to doing good?

If we could have our way, the statues or portraits of Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton with her red cross flag, and Frances E. Willard, and "*Margaret of New Orleans*," and those holy Sisters of Mercy and Charity who have given their lives, in the hospitals and elsewhere, to nurse the sick and cheer the dying, and others like them, should be found in every school-room, to teach the youth of this country a higher reverence for noble deeds and noble women.

In the fall of 1878, after looking over the statues of *Northern* generals at Washington, we thought and — acting upon the thought — put twenty-five dollars into the hand of a prominent citizen there, to start a subscription to build a monument "*To the heroes, North and South — living and dead — who in the summer of 1878 fought Yellow Fever*." We could not stop at Washington to push it, and the money was finally paid by the gentleman to another charity — but that is the kind of monument we want all over this country — monuments to those who save life more than to those who destroy it, and New Orleans has set a noble example worthy of imitation in handing down to posterity the name of "*Her Margaret*."

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS.

Margaret Haughey was a poor girl of Irish parentage, who could neither read nor write. Yet she made a fortune of half a million of dollars. That of itself was enough to make any woman famous. Few enough of the sex could do it, poor things! But hear what she did with this nobly earned money.

At this time of the year (December, 1886), she comes back to the memory with special vividness, for now hundreds of orphans will be enjoying the festive season which she gave them. Only for her love and labors, their Christmas — poor, fatherless ones — would have been spent in want and misery. Blessed are they who make the children happy at Christmas-time!

Margaret, the orphans' friend, had herself been a lonely orphan. She began life as a

domestic servant. But she was naturally drawn to the alleviation of human suffering. She was a devout Roman Catholic; and under the direction of the Sisters of Charity she became a hospital nurse. While serving in this field, one of her patients noted what good care she took of him, and made up his mind that he would have her all to himself. He proposed marriage and was accepted. But the husband died in their very first years of married life. Her only child died, too; and Margaret was left alone, to do her life-work.

She managed the dairy in an orphan asylum awhile. Then she opened a little eating-house. But one feature of her career is singular. With all the money she amassed, she never entered on any enterprise *without a benevolent motive* at the back. She had noted how the Mississippi steamboat laborers — "deck-hands" they are called — were swindled out of their money, and how they stupefied themselves with whiskey, and then lay about boozing-kens till they were pushed out. Margaret thought she could do them some good. So she opened a little shop where river laborers could get a cup of good coffee and a roll for the merest trifle.

It is not on record that she ever succeeded in reforming the deck-hands to any great extent; but she did build up in time a great manufacturing business. She erected a steam cracker-bakery, a building several stories in height. Her wagons supplied bakers' goods to the city. I have seen them myself. On the outside were the words: "*Margaret's Bread and Crackers*." At first she drove her own bread-cart about the city. Money rolled in, and she might easily have died a millionaire.

But, most of all, the orphans had her care. She knew what it was to be left without father or mother, and to get no education, not even enough to read. In the course of her life she either founded or aided eleven orphan asylums — Catholic and Protestant, black and white, alike.

In February, 1882, this good woman died. Never was there such a funeral in Louisiana. *So far as I know she was the only woman in America who was ever buried with public honors.* The governor and ex-governor of the State were among the pall-bearers. Delegations from her eleven orphan asylums attended the burial. The New Orleans fire department was in the procession. The bells all over the city tolled, as the *cortege* moved along the streets. When it reached the Chamber of Commerce an unheard-of thing happened. The members paused in their gabble, and with one accord came down to the sidewalk, and stood reverently with uncovered heads, while the body of Margaret was carried past them to its rest. She was buried in St. Louis Cemetery.

The day after her death, the building of a monument was proposed. It has been erected by the contributions of all classes of people in Louisiana and New Orleans, even to the news-boys. All alike revered Margaret. It was unveiled, July 9th 1884. The statue stands in the square opposite the orphan asylum she helped to build. It represents her, not idealized like a classic figure, but, far more worthily, broad, plain, and with the common dress she wore, her arm encircling one of the orphans whom she loved.

"And so she died; and so the people set
Amid their heroes, with a proud consent,
This simple woman-crowned monument,
And carved thereon the one word — MARGARET.

— SARAH KING.

OUR BAND OF MERCY CORRESPONDENTS

We often wish that the good friends of our work could read some of the many interesting letters that come to our table.

If "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" were larger we should be glad to print hundreds of them.

The following from the Secretary of Miss Frances E. Willard, giving an account of the "*Willard Band*," will be of interest to large numbers who know both the ladies:

WOMAN'S NATIONAL CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

President's Office, Evanston, Ill.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:— Please send me one hundred B. of M. certificates by return mail.

I organized a Band last week among my Loyal Temperance Legion members, and nearly all of them signed the beautiful pledge. We devoted the entire hour to the subject of kindness to animals, and a magnificent dog, a mastiff, the seventh largest dog of its kind in the United States, was present by special invitation, wearing the blue ribbon. I invited him to the platform, and when he was introduced to the children, of whom by the way he is very fond, their delight knew no bounds. They applauded him loudly, and he received it all in the most dignified manner.

One after another, the little ones who had a part in the programme, came to the platform and stood close by his side without the slightest fear, and the picture was one never to be forgotten.

Please record us as the Willard Band of Mercy, Julius Ericson, President; Lucy Hill, Secretary.

There is great need of the organization here, and frequent reminders of the pledge, for I find a regular "craze" among the boys for collections of birds' eggs, and as they trade them they have been in the habit of taking all the eggs from the nests they find.

I have twenty names for another society among the roughest boys in town, who say they signed the pledge a few years ago in public school, and that every one has broken it. The certificate I shall give them will help keep their promise in mind.

Yours very truly,
ANNA GORDON.

GOOD NEWS FROM MAINE.

We take the following from *Portland Daily Advertiser*:

The Maine State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals met at Waterville yesterday, and organized with the election of the following officers:

President — Dr. W. B. Lapham, Augusta.

Corresponding Sec'y — A. C. Otis, Augusta.

Treasurer — John Ware, Waterville.

Directors — I. S. Bangs, Mrs. I. M. Ware, Waterville; L. D. Emerson, Mrs. M. J. Eastburn, Miss Parmelia Wyman, Oakland; J. F. Boothbay, Lewiston; General Charles Hamlin, Bangor; Mrs. John E. Palmer, M. G. Palmer, Henry Blanchard, Portland; C. R. McFadden, Howard Owen, Dr. Lapham, Augusta; Mrs. C. J. Totman of Fairfield.

Mrs. M. J. Eastburn, widow of the late Bishop Eastburn of Massachusetts, has for the past few years been interested in the formation of a State Society in Maine, and the organization is due mainly to her efforts.

JACK-A-DANDY.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

We children had been wishing for a tame crow ever since reading Dickens' charming description of his pet raven. There were no ravens where we lived; but brother Tom said crows were just as good, and could be taught to talk, too.

And one day, when we were playing "Here we go round the mulberry bush" in the woods near the house, little Ikey, our colored washer-woman's boy, came along with a live crow in his hands.

Of course we were curious to see and examine the wonderful bird, and we crowded around Ikey, who seemed bewildered at being the object of so much attention.

"Where did you get him?" "What you going to do with him?" "How much will you take for him?" asked Tom, Josie and Fred, in one breath.

But Ikey only grinned, as he answered each in turn.

"Got him out of his nest in a post-oak. Dey was more of 'em, but I couldn't git only dis one. I'm a-gwine to raise him if mammy'll let me. But I mout sell him, if I git a good chance."

The opportunity was not to be lost, and in a very few moments Ikey was trudging homeward with a handful of coppers and two nickels—all the change we could raise among us, and we proudly carried our new-found treasure to the house.

"Mercy on us!" cried mamma, holding up her hands. "What on earth have you got there?"

"A crow," we told her. "And we're going to tame him, and teach him to talk."

"Nonsense!" said mamma. "You don't suppose I'll have a crow about the house, to kill the young chickens and eat up the eggs!"

But we begged and pleaded, till at last she gave her consent to let us keep it.

"It'll be a great torment," grumbled grandma. "It's a young bird, and you'll have to feed it like a baby."

But we did not mind the trouble. Indeed, it was more of an amusement to us to feed our pet on scraps of meat and bits of bread. It opened its mouth so wide, and cried "Caw-aw-aw!" in such a satisfactory way.

Ikey had instructed us as to the manner of feeding.

"Jess you peck it on de head, an' it'll open its mouth like it does fur de ole birds," he explained.

And we found his advice was good.

We named our pet "Jack-a-Dandy," and he grew and throve so much that he was soon able to procure his own food, which consisted of crickets and other insects.

He was so tame that we could allow him perfect freedom, without any fear of his deserting us.

As he grew older, he used frequently to fly into the top of a tall post-oak near the front door, from which he would circle around and around the house, then alight on the ground, and come hopping in the door, with a cheerful "caw! caw!" as if asserting that there was no place like home.

"He's better than Dick Hardy's tame squirrel," Tom used to say, "for that has to be kept in a cage."

"And Bob Rooney's pet coon has to be fastened by a chain," said Josie. "But Jack-a-Dandy is as free as we are."

But mamma was not particularly pleased with Jack, and grandma continued to grumble over his misdemeanors, especially when he would rummage in her work-basket, and carry off her silver thimble or bright steel bodkin.

"He's a troublesome creature," she would declare, "and if I had my way, he'd get his neck wrung."

But we kept a good watch on our favorite, to keep him from getting into mischief.

We had used our best endeavors to teach him to talk, but he was a poor scholar, and could not even learn to pronounce his own name.

Still we loved him, and continued to take his part against his enemies.

Papa had never said much, one way or the other, about Jack, though he was very favorably disposed toward the race of crows. But when the spring planting was done, he took sides with the opposition.



"BEFORE PAPA COULD SEIZE HIS GUN AND REACH THE SCENE OF CONFLICT, JACK-A-DANDY HAD FLOWN TO THE HEN'S ASSISTANCE."

"If your tame thief pulls up my corn, I'll shoot him," he declared.

"If he troubles the young chickens, he'll have to go," said mamma.

"If he spoils my garden, I'll wring his neck," asserted grandma.

And, as may be imagined, we suffered considerable anxiety about our pet.

One day we were eating dinner, while Jack sat perched on the post-oak near the door.

Suddenly a terrible commotion occurred in the chicken-yard, caused by a hawk which had swooped down and seized a young chicken.

The hen-mother, however, attacked the marauder so furiously that it was unable to carry off its prey immediately, and before papa could seize his gun and reach the scene of conflict, Jack-a-Dandy had flown to the hen's assistance.

He attacked the hawk so desperately that it dropped its prey, and a terrible combat ensued, in which Jack came off the victor. But not satisfied with this, he pursued the flying enemy a long distance, attacking him sharply when occasion offered.

You may be sure we had a great many praises and a sumptuous dinner for our favorite, on his return.

Hawks had for years been a great pest to poultry raising, and even mamma espoused Jack's cause after his successful battle with the rapacious foe.

And during Jack's life, not another chicken was molested by the hawks, as he kept a vigilant watch, and attacked everyone that dared to venture near the premises.

He even won the good-will of papa, by keeping rigidly aloof from the corn-field; but grandma was still fearful lest he might do some damage to the garden.

She was very careful of her early vegetables, and the garden-spot was paled in, to keep the chickens and rabbits from making depredations on the early lettuce, peas and cabbages.

But no fence would keep Jack out. Like the wind, he went "wherever he listeth."

Much to our relief, however, he did not offer to molest the vegetables, but did good service in picking up the insects and cut-worms, which are usually such a pest about a garden.

When he fell to devouring the squash-bugs, which were sapping the life of the "Boston Marrows," grandma's last prejudice was overcome, and she declared that Jack was worth his weight in gold.

After that, she never went to the graden without calling Jack, who would give an answering "caw!" and hop gravely after her, or perch on her shoulder with all the confidence of a privileged favorite.

As long as he lived, Jack continued to grow in the good opinion of the household.

[For the above beautiful cut and interesting story we are indebted to the *Golden Days*.]

HOURS OF LABOR.

The hours of labor can never be universally regulated by statute law. A storm on the ocean will keep a sailor in the rigging until he will close his eyes in sleep in the fiercest gale. The fisherman will fish until strength fails him when he strikes a large school of fish. Railroaders, telegraphing, calls for work to be done regardless of hours. The traveling man cannot stop the train and get off when his ten hours are up. Intellectual labor never talks of the hours of labor. Writers work whenever the inspiration is on. Some get up at one or two o'clock in the morning and push the pen.

PIGEON SHOOTS.

A prominent Boston lawyer and good friend called our attention to the great pigeon shoots going on at Wellington near Boston. We were glad to tell him that the pigeons of all kinds were made of clay. Our Society obtained a law against the shooting of live pigeons for sport in March, 1879, an account of which will be found on pages sixty-two and sixty-three of our autobiographical sketches. Some time after, six young gentlemen were promptly arrested by our orders and paid about sixty dollars for breaking the law. We believe this was the first conviction ever obtained for this offence in any court in the world. The law has never been violated since in Massachusetts to our knowledge. If it had been, we think some of our upwards of 450 agents through the State would have found it out.

BEECHER'S LAST WORDS.

We clip the following concluding sentence from the last article ever written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:

"I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come when *not to drink*, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience of the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men."

"LITTLE TOM."

He was only a bird, Little Tom, and a small one at that; but when his owner lost him, she found that he had a big place in her heart.

He was a canary, but instead of being an uniform yellow color, he was beautifully marked; bright yellow and green were his colors, exquisitely shaded, his head being adorned with a bright green cap.

Little Tom was never confined to his cage, he had full liberty to roam about the house, and confidence begot confidence. I think he was fond of his mistress, at any rate he looked on her attentions as his proper right, and did not hesitate to take liberties with her.

Did she sleep too long in the morning, Little Tom would alight on her head and try to raise the heavy eyelashes, or in some way impress her with the importance of ministering to his needs, for he was a great advocate of early breakfasts.

Seated on her shoulder and picking seed from her hand or from between her lips he was very happy; but he sometimes became very angry. At such moments he would frown, drawing his green cap down over his eyes, flap his wings, screech, and prepare for battle, and when thus roused, none of the family cared to meddle with him. All knew by experience what a powerful sharp little beak he had, and how ready he was to use it when roused by a sense of wrong to vengeance.

Yes, Little Tom was a part of her life in those days, his cunning ways endeared him to her, and she never thought of losing him, nor of the blank in her heart his loss would create,

but his hour came; the little bird with his exquisite grace and cunning ways and gush of melody was destroyed by an old Maltese cat.

Years have passed, but Little Tom is not forgotten, and to his influence upon his owners, the Easton (Pa.) branch of the Audubon Society owes its origin. This branch will ere long have a numerical strength of a thousand, thanks to the organized activity of its boy members, with Albert M. Tomson at their head. — A. F. DAVIS, in *The Audubon Magazine*.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A BATTLE.

BY JOSEPH COX COOK, in *Tourists' Review*.

"THIS picture portrays the engagement that day,

"A bird's-eye view of the battle," you say.

"The skirmishing first began with the dawn,
And a general engagement was quickly brought on.

The painting shows just when their ranks gave way,
And biting the dust from our batteries' play,

A thousand men fell in ten minutes that day!"

But a varied sight from this, I ween,
That summer morn by the birds was seen,
As they heard through the mist of the valley come

The startling roll of the warning drum.
Their tuneful throats were silenced all
By the first heard notes of the bugle call,
And the mist of the morning draped it all.

From the crest of the hill burst a lightning flash,
And the thunder followed it up with its crash.
Tho' in the blue sky was never a cloud,
The earth became wrapt in a sulph'rous shroud;
And in the green bowers where song birds dwell,
'Mid the leaves and the flowers a hail there fell
Of plunging shot and bursting shell.

The squirrels into the hollow trees fled,
And the ground became spotted with black and red,

As the battle storm through the forest swept;
And down to the little brook-side crept
Many a form that writhed in pain,
That the plunging storm had struck to the plain,
Yet could drag themselves out from the heaps
Of the slain.

And through the green aisles of the forest ran
Many a fainting and terrified man,
Who dared never to pause for one full breath,
As thickly around fell the missiles of death;
And the foe is pursuing with vengeance filled.
All one thing are doing, 'tis kill or be killed!
And the blood of a thousand by brothers is spilled.

And so the wild storm of the battle swept by,
And the red sun was marking high noon in the sky.

But the birds of the forest gave never a sound,
And the green leaves were strewing like autumn
the ground,

When the day became hot, and thirst the birds led

To the brook; they drank not, but away quickly fled,

For the brook was all changed and its waters were red.

So long as the heads of families have to run their legs off in fruitless efforts to secure domestic servants to whom they are anxious to pay good wages, it is idle for philanthropists to try to awaken their pity for the woes of unemployed women. — *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

FRONT PICTURE IN HUMANE LEAFLET, No. 1.

8 Leaflets, 100 Selections, 32 Pages, for Schools, Sunday Schools, Bands of Mercy and Homes.

By GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the Parent American Band of Mercy, and sold by the Mass. Society at its Offices, 19 Milk St., Boston.



OUR FAMILY.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."

Of the above Leaflets *The Massachusetts Society* has distributed in the past few months upwards of three hundred thousand copies. By unanimous vote of the Boston School Committee, about 60,000 were distributed in the Boston Public Schools. *The Society* sells eight Leaflets of any number or various numbers, as ordered, sent by mail, for 5 cents; twenty-four, 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents.

ANARCHY.

At the bottom of all the Anarchism in this country is laziness. The Russian Anarchist has some reason for seeking the life of his despotic ruler; but here, where no amount of assassination will better his condition, the Anarchist has no status. As a matter of fact, his anarchy is a business — out of the laboring man's pocket. — *Puck*.

SIGHT OF BIRDS.

A hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to a man or dog; a kite soaring out of human sight can distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field mice on the ground; and the distance at which vultures and eagles can spy out their prey is almost incredible.

LIVING BABY CARRIAGES.

The kangaroo is the best known example of a living baby-carriage. But it is not at all necessary to go as far as Australia to find an animal which carries its young in precisely the same way that the kangaroo does. Our opossum is provided with a pouch exactly as the kangaroo is, and the moment its babies are born it puts them into the pouch and keeps them there until they are better able to take care of themselves.

THREE RECITATIONS.

[BY A LITTLE BOY.]

I'm but a little fellow,
But boys will soon be men.
There are plenty more to follow;
We'll rule the nation then.

I'll drop my snow-white ballot,
A temperance boy, you see;
I know what I am doing,
A temperance man I'll be.

[ANOTHER BOY.]

I'll vote for Prohibition;
For Temperance I will stand;
For God that rules our nation,
For home and native land.

[BY A LITTLE GIRL.]

I'm but a little midget,
To talk to men like you,
But listen for a minute —
I'll tell you what is true.

I'm going to be a woman,
And vote as well as you;
I'll learn while I am growing
What voters ought to do.

— *"The Young Crusader."*

THE Italian is the most *organic* man in the world.

HERO.

HE was strong and trim, and a good-sized cur,
A giant of dogs; with soft, silk fur,
Poised head of an intellectual size,
And two straight, luminous hero-eyes.
A tail whose gestures were eloquence;
A bark with a germ of common sense.
And this dog looked, upon the whole,
As if he had gathered some crumbs of soul
That fell from the feast God spread for man —
Looked like a line of the human plan.
There went with his strong, well balanced stride,
A dignity oft to man denied.
God's humblest, brutes, where'er we turn,
Are full of lessons for man to learn.
That night that he crouched by the yielding door,
And two grim, murderous thieves, or more,
Had bribed the locks with their hooks of steel,
He fought with more than a henchman's zeal
For sleeping loved one's treasures and life —
He conquered rogue, and bullet, and knife.

He saw distress with a quick, sure eye,
And heard the half-choked drowning cry.
A living life-boat, soon he bore
A half drowned man to a welcome shore.
And when the wife of the rescued one
Wept him her love for the great deed done,
And fondled him in a warm embrace,
He talked with his fondest, kind old face,
And said, "I have shown you nothing new;
It is what we live for and love to do.
In lake or river, or sea or bay,
My race are rescuers every day;
In the snowy gulfs 'mid hills above
My race brings life to the race we love."

The soul of the humble brute has fled;
The grand old dog lies safely dead.
Oh, man-like brain and God-like heart!
You were made to carry a noble part.
Sleep well, old friend! Your teeth of flame
Grew not from a soul of vice or shame,
To plant the world with germs that kill.
Not yours the conscious guilt that lies
In men who ravage with open eyes.
You did, old dog, the best you knew,
And that is better than most men do;
And if ever I get to the great, just place,
I shall look for your honest, kind old face.

— WILL CARLETON.

HORSES FOR WAR.

It is computed that a European war would destroy twenty thousand horses a month. War ministers are looking about all over the world to see where they can get horses enough for their armies. England reckons her horses at two millions; she has none to spare. Russia has twenty-three millions, but will not allow a horse to be exported. Canada has a million horses, and the United States twelve millions. We trust not one American horse will be sacrificed in an European war.

During the war in Turkey twelve thousand horses were left dead and dying on one battle field. It is said horses die slower and harder than any other animal.

How dreadful to take this useful and obedient horse into battle to be maimed and killed! — *The Peacemaker*.

[We are trying to carry humane education into the schools of the world to stop war.

EDITOR.]

POLITENESS is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling.
And in the winds from ununsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who has made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.

O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces to mine own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit;
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abound-
ing grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striv-
ing cease,

And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

—Whittier.

BALKY HORSES.

Good authorities on the horse agree that a balky horse should never be whipped or abused in any manner. One writer says: "If he won't go, let him stand still and think it over. He will very often think better of it, and after a few moments' reflection, and a few tosses of his head, go on of his own accord; or, if this does not answer, get out of the wagon and pat him, and talk to him kindly. Sometimes it is well to loosen a strap or start a buckle. I have known the mere act of unchecking and rechecking the animal to answer the purpose, and stop a determination to resist. For this same reason an apple, or a bunch of grass from the roadside, or a handful of oats, or a few kernels of corn, will often accomplish what an hour's beating could never effect. If the above does not start him, pat the horse on the neck, examine him carefully, first one side, then the other; if you can get a handful of grass give it to him, and speak encouragingly to him. Then jump into the wagon and give the word go, and he will generally obey."

(2). Taking the horse out of the shafts and turning him around in a circle until he is giddy will generally start him.

(3). Take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore legs just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel it; tie in a bow knot; at the first click he will probably go dancing off. After going a short distance you can get out and remove the strings to prevent injury to the tendons.

(4). Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle-girth.

(5). Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to the head; this will divert his attention and start him.

SCARCITY OF BIRDS.

BY DANIEL DENNETT, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR
OF "NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE."

Who that lives in the country does not notice in the last few years a great scarcity of small birds? The mocking-bird formerly built her nest in the trees around the Southern farmers' home and sang merrily every spring to amuse the family where she was hospitably treated. Numerous other birds made their appearance near Southern homes and on Southern farms in the spring and remained all summer—a merry, happy, singing, twittering, nervous crew that everybody admired. They come and sing no more—boys, hunters, negroes have killed them for sport and to cook and eat! Their wings, heads and whole bodies in countless thousands have been sold for ornaments to gratify female pride and vanity. We never see a lady's bonnet bordered with the carcasses or wings of slaughtered songsters of the forest that it does not remind us of the coffin and the sepulchre.

HOW TO TEACH A BIRD TO STAND ON YOUR FINGER.

Set the cage on a table near where you wish to sit; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he picks to ascertain its quality, maybe he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food, put him away. Next day try him again. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting thus familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the programme by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it, next time fasten it open, blockading egress with the rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little, next time tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short time you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly for it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch.

Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there are those who will be two to four weeks about it.

A PLUCKY FIGHT.

The following extraordinary and touching scene was witnessed by a gentleman in his garden.

A fledgling blackbird, evidently just escaped from its nest close by, had, with some difficulty, fluttered from a fence into the overhanging branches of a lime tree; a cat also had observed the young flyer and immediately gave chase; rushing up the stem of the tree with the intention of getting on to the branch to obtain her prey; but meanwhile the parent birds had come upon the scene, and seeing the situation of their nestling, attacked the cat with the utmost bravery, trying to prevent her crawling on to the branch. They kept alternately flying at her,

using their beaks and wings incessantly with the utmost fury and getting fearlessly within range of the cat's claws, and while one was pouncing at her head, the other would execute a "flank" attack, both of them keeping up all the time that continuous, noisy, angry chatter, which blackbirds so well know how to make on occasion. These bold strategic movements confused the cat very much, as her position in the tree was not advantageous, but she kept snarling and striking out with her claws whenever an opportunity occurred. The interested observer tried to help the birds, but from the lower branches of the tree intervening missiles were not of much use. He was obliged to leave the exciting scene, but after a long absence returned and found the combat still going on, and a person who had watched during the interval, said the birds had kept up the attack without ceasing, forcing the enemy to keep on the defensive only; and this desperate struggle kept on for two hours, till the birds were completely exhausted and sat all "in a heap," looking as though they had lost half their feathers. But they had kept the destroyer from their little fledgling, and their friend at last managed, with some trouble, to dislodge the cat. In the afternoon the birds seemed quite to have recovered themselves, and were singing victoriously in the garden in celebration of what, perhaps, was one of the longest and pluckiest fights of the kind that has ever been known.

A DOG'S WAY OF TAKING ABUSE.

One hot summer day I chanced to spy from my study window a huge dog disporting himself with provoking coolness on my lawn in the shade of an evergreen. Rushing in hot haste to my study closet and snatching up a hearth-brush, I stole softly along the front porch, where, concealed partly by clustering vines of honeysuckle, I took aim and hurled it full at the trespasser's head. I had counted confidently on seeing him terrified by the projectile and taking himself off with a howl of pain and alarm. But judge of my surprise to see the unsurprised brute take first a perfectly quiet and leisurely survey of the missile, then deliberately pick it up with his teeth and trot complacently off with my brush. Meeting the same dog on the street later in the day, I could not help thinking from his knowing look, though he carried a sober face, that he was inwardly laughing at me. And then it all at once flashed upon me what good stead this dog's philosophy might do us superior beings, and what a world of vexation we might save ourselves if we would but carry away and bury out of sight forever the weapons of detraction hurled at us by the hidden hands of envy and hate. —Christian Weekly.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

Don't worry.

Don't over-eat. Don't starve.

Court the fresh air day and night.

Sleep is nature's benediction.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts.

Seek peace.

Avoid passion and excitement. Anger may be fatal.

Never despair.

THEY say Charlie has married. Is she a well informed woman? Well I should say so. She has belonged to the sewing circle for ten years and never missed a meeting.



THE "BELL OF JUSTICE."

"BELL OF JUSTICE."

It is a beautiful story, that in Atri, one of the old cities of Italy, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the lower end of the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed,

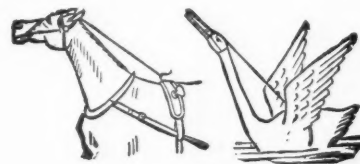
that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

From "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell. These Lessons have already gone to the teachers of over forty thousand American schools, and have had a considerable European circulation. They are sold by the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., at two cents for the whole twelve Lessons, twenty-eight pages.

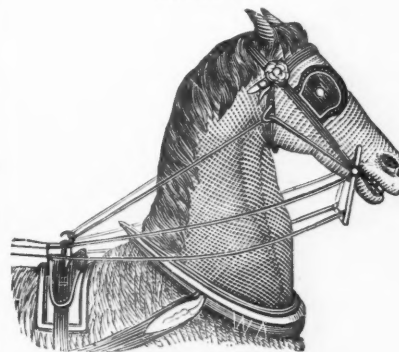
A TEXAS sportsman says he has discovered the secret of the quail being able to hide so well. One of these birds alighted near him in a field one day, and the moment it did so, seized a dead oak leaf, crouched to the ground, and threw the leaf over its back, so that it was hidden from view. He had to go and turn over the leaf before he could believe the evidence of his own eyes. — *Golden Days*.

THE CHECK-REIN.

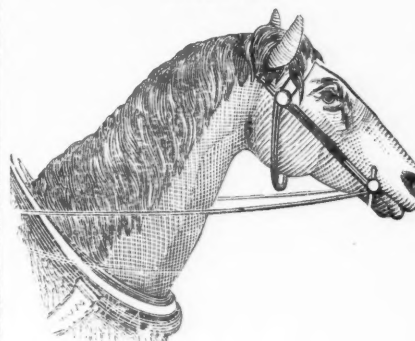
We cannot say too often, if you would do your horse a kindness, throw away your check-rein, or make it so loose that he can put his head where he wants to when going up hill. Let down the check-rein before he starts up hill, and he will soon tell you how long he wants it.



CRUELTY.



CRUELTY.



KINDNESS.

MOTHER — "Tommy, how are you coming on at school?"

Tommy — "First-rate, ma."

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals."

"The horse, the dog, the pig."

"What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?"

"Four-legged animal?"

"Yes."

"Don't let people sleep?"

"Yes."

Tommy (triumphantly) — "Piano." — *Golden Days*.

SCATTER THE GERMS.

SCATTER the germs of the beautiful
On the holy shrine of home;

Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In the loveliest lustre come.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the depths of the human soul!

They shall bud, and blossom, and bear fruit

While the endless ages roll.

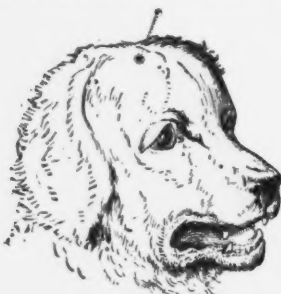
— *Youth's Companion*.

TO MERCIFULLY KILL HORSES, DOGS,
AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THE HORSE.

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the head, and shoot at the dot, aiming toward the centre of the head.

Be careful not to shoot too low.



THE DOG.

Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle near the head, aiming a little one side of the centre of the top of the skull, and shoot downward at the dot, so that the bullet shall go through the brain into or toward the neck.

Do not shoot too low, or directly in the middle, because of thick bones.

After much consultation with veterinary surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a long-handled wooden spoon, about half a teaspoonful of *pure* cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue, *as near the throat as possible*. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get *pure* cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.

The good man's life, like the mountain-top, looks beautiful because it is so near to heaven.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Cases Reported at Office in May.

For beating, 23; over-working and over-loading, 13; over-driving, 9; driving when lame or galled, 60; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 8; abandoning, 3; torturing, 6; driving when diseased, 4; general cruelty, 63.

Total, 191.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 55; warnings issued, 72; not found, 8; not substantiated, 31; anonymous, 10; prosecuted 15; convicted, 12; pending 3; (No. 440).

Animals taken from work, 38; horses and other animals killed, 86.

Receipts at the Society's Offices in May.

FINES.

From *Justices' Court*.—Concord (2 cases), \$2.
Police Courts.—Brookline (3 cases), \$25; Holyoke, \$10
District Court.—Malden, \$10.
Superior Court.—Hampden Co. (2 cases), \$20.
Municipal Court.—Boston, \$10; Roxbury District, \$20.
Witness Fees, \$4.20.
Total, \$101.20.

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"M. L. P." \$1.50; Miss Helen Allen, 50 cts.; H. G. Fuller, 50 cts.

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C. W. Southworth, "In loving memory of our Cat Dodge," Mrs. O. B. Ireland, C. F. Claflin.

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Total, \$190.50.

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Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$50; Miss J. F. Hathaway, 50 cts. Total, \$50.50.

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PUBLICATIONS SOLD.

Humane Society, Rochester, N. Y., \$20; Mobile S. P. C. to Animals, \$9.40; J. F. Stubbs, \$5.00. All others in sums less than Five Dollars each, \$90.46.

Total, \$124.86.

Interest, \$206.25.

Total receipts, \$719.80

Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.

Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal. Cologne, Germany.

Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

Berne, Switzerland. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1886.

Hamburg, Germany. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1886.

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"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00	"
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade,	1.00	"
"Selections from Longfellow,"	3.00	"
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy,"	.45	"
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.,	.65	"

"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 " Fifty-two "Band of Mercy" Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole. "Band of Mercy Register," 8 cents. "Band of Mercy Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.

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